

Daily Democrat

TERMS OF THE DAILY DEMOCRAT TO THE COUNTRY.

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Brazil.

This South American State has since the Florida affair become of great interest to us. We know of its being the chief country of the Southern continent of this hemisphere, and to be flourishing and prosperous beyond any of the States in the same continent.

It is associated with the name of its chief river, a torrent rivaling in breadth and length the impetuous waters of the Mississippi in our own land. It calls up images of broad pampas floating in wild grass, like the waves of a turbulent sea, or rivers rolling over diamond sands in which the shining laborer gropes, handling the priceless treasures he will never possess.

Its wilderness and unexplored recesses; the richness of its soil, and the salubrity of its climate all unite to make it a promised land, especially to the American, from the Southern States of this continent. If the reason inhabiting the two countries are radically different, the country they occupy, and at least one of the institutions in each, are similar.

For this reason many, dissatisfied and discontented by the prolongation of the war, look forward with hope and expectation to one day transferring their homes and allegiance to the hospitable shores of Brazil. There is no product, from cotton to corn and rice, that cannot be as readily produced in that country as in the Southern States of America. The slave labor, so essential to the proper cultivation of cotton and sugar or even rice, is an institution of Brazil, protected and fostered by the Government. Its revenues are ample, the taxes light. The mildness of the climate, and the light, sunny disposition of its Southern people, all unite to make it desirable as a home. On the slopes of the Andes are immense plains, lying in terraces one above the other, so that any climate, from the snow and ice on its peaks to the olive and citron at its foot, can be found.

It is governed by an Emperor, being one of the few countries on this side of the Atlantic which has willingly adopted the monarchical form of Government. The way, however, is light, and the severest Republican could live there and suffer no grievance beyond the contravention of his theories.

Though frequently engaged in petty wars, they are not a warlike people, any more than our revolutionary neighbors in Mexico. Just now they are engaged in hostilities with the neighboring State of Paraguay—a languid contest that attracts little or no attention. Their navy consists of some four or five screw steamers and, perhaps, twenty or thirty sailing vessels of all kinds—a very feeble force to provoke a contest with our immense navy.

But it is in the every-day life of the people that they are the most novel and interesting. The iron wheel of Northern character is unable to comprehend the light frivolity which these warm-blooded Southern feel, and which they throw about their graver duties as well as their sports. The church festivals are celebrated with all the tinsel and frippery of a careless, indolent race, more alive to the amusements of a spectacle than awed by the sublime conception of an immortal God. There is nothing sacred to them. They familiarize themselves with the most holy things, and present an appearance in their celebration of what to be sacred mysteries as absurd as ridiculous.

For example: Forty days after Lent, the popular festival of the Holy Ghost takes place. For weeks previously the collectors for the churches have been hurrying around, accompanied by musicians and banners, so that one is apt to receive from his landlady the startling information that the Holy Ghost is coming down street. The procession generally keeps the middle of the highway, except when relieving a momentary drouth at some convenient crossroad or grocery. They carry small crimson banners, with the figure of a dove embossed in a triangle, and an alms dish. Others carry capacious bags in which to receive presents from the devotees. The custom is for the donor to kiss the banner, smooch the face, arms, neck and bosom, for it is believed to possess some divine healing power, and slip the donation into the bag or alms dish.

Of course the banner soon becomes too greasy and dirty under the frequent rubbings and osculations of the faithful, and the ladies of the better classes decline to receive the benefits of the holy ablation.

As a specimen of the official advertisement of the festival, we annex one taken from the daily papers:

"The Board of the Brotherhood of the Divine Holy Ghost of the Parish of St. Anna participates to the respectable public, that the festival of the Divine Holy Ghost will begin on the thirty-first instant; St. Bartholomew's on the 1st proximo; and that of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, on the 24 of June, with all the splendor and religious pomp compatible with the means and zeal of the Administrators. On the third day of the feast of the Holy Ghost, there will be fireworks such as have never before been exhibited, and superior from the magnitude and novelty of their mechanism. On Sunday, June 7th, the Emperor elect of the Holy Ghost will take possession, which will be followed with a Te Deum and Sermon. We beg the brethren and the pious to concur, with their alms and their presence, to make more brilliant acts so worthy of our religious regard.

JOSE J. G. FERREIRA, Sec'y.

The Emperor boy is elected annually, and his Empire is a portion of ground adjoining the church. Formerly an Emperor was also chosen, and still is in some of the Provinces.

In a subsequent advertisement the Brotherhood announced that the "Novena and Auction" will begin at certain time with much pomp and decency—a promise which is not always redeemed, as the better class ladies will not attend it.

At this auction, if the salesman is a brisk, witty fellow, the fun is lively, somewhat coarse, and the sales rapid. Of course, as in all fairs, the articles are disposed of ten times their value, the purchaser having the consolation of knowing he has been charitable and pious at one and the same time.

For example, as to the manner in which sales are made take the following:

"Twenty-five—thirty—thirty-five—vintures for this blessed cake; blessed by the Holy Father, Xavier Maria Luis Oliveira. Who bids more? Thirty—Ah! the good will of our Lady be with you, my friend. Forty are bid—only forty vintures for food which will purge all diseases lurking in him that eats it. The Saint's friend you, Senhor. Forty-five! Who is the next bidder? Who? Alletuia. Fifty vintures are bid—it is enough"—and, taking the money, "may your victuals always be as sweet as you'll find this, Sahor."

The Brotherhood of the Divine Holy Ghost of San Goncalo, not to be outdone, advertise "brilliant horse racing at the festival."

The Church of St. Anna advertised attractions—"The beautiful God of the North," who played cards and spelled ladies' names; "Phantasmagoria and natural magic;" "posture making, tumbling, lifting weights, Punch and Judy, and other puppets." Then there is sword swallowing, drawing ribbons from the mouth, and rope dancing.

They are most successful in their fire-works and puppets, which last are made life-size and dressed with all the skill of the tailor, as barbers, sawyers, &c. So excellent is the imitation that the barber on his high platform grinds his wooden razor on a wheel turned by fire-works, and a stream of fire flies from the edge like that on a dry grindstone. At a few feet distance it is impossible to perceive the deception or convince the spectator that he is not looking upon a live being.

The festival of St. George, as the defender of the empire, is also celebrated with great festivity, although his sainthood, it must be confessed, is more flimsy—the veriest blockhead that ever rode a horse—an immense jointed wooden doll.

Although these ridiculous ceremonies are classed among sacred things, before we censure too severely we should remember that they have in reality no more connection with the professed religion of the State and people than our religious fairs. Their novelty, the strange familiarity with what is considered in most northern countries as sacred, strikes the visitor and traveler, who perhaps does not reflect how strange some of the customs of his own country would look to these primitive people.

In charitable institutions they are models of liberality. They do not give with a reluctant, sparing hand, but generously and liberally. Their hospitals are models for the world, and are endowed with a generosity unknown in other countries. Their care of the orphan and founding is paternal and liberal, looking to their necessities and education with extreme carefulness.

Their court is a hospitable one, with all the pomp of royalty. The administration of the government liberal. Every inducement is held out to bona fide settlers, such as lands and protection.

In any event we would dislike to be involved in a war with them. It is sufficient to be natural to be fighting among ourselves without plunging into war with another American nation.

Within the last few years there have been some remarkable changes in Europe, and they still continue. Eighteen forty-eight was the beginning of a new era. The nations and people suddenly took a new and progressive step. We are aware that after the first revolutionary outbreak of that year, a reaction in favor of monarchical authority grew up and threatened to deprive the people of all power in the management of their affairs. This, however, was merely temporary. The feelings which prompted the revolutions of '48 were too real to be so easily repressed. It was a natural, healthy impulse and indicative of the future progress of those years.

The incarnated type of this spirit is Louis Napoleon. It was his efforts on the side of law, order and privilege which temporarily gave a new lease of power to European monarchs. This could not last. Louis Napoleon represents the progressive spirit of the age, and is at the head of it. While he is for maintaining authority, he is, also, favorable to the rights and liberties of the people. He strives to make them identical. One of his ideas, and one which is deservedly commended, is that of separate nationalities; that is, that people with a common language, habits and institutions should be united in one government. It was this which gave aid to the Italians in their war with Austria, and which detached Savoy from the Italian Confederation to make it a part of France. It is this, also, which made modern Italy. It had its powerful influence in the late Schleswig-Holstein war, by which those Danes were secured to Germany. The last steam-er brings us the intelligence that the King of Denmark has, by proclamation, released the people of the disputed territories from their allegiance to him. In it he very naturally regrets parting with a country that has appertained to the crown of Denmark for two centuries or more, and he expresses the hope that they will one day return to that nation.

This hope is founded on the idea we have alluded to. The king claims that the people of the disputed territory are Danish, and that, according to the ideas of Napoleon, they should be under the Danish government. It is upon this he relies, and one of the ablest statesmen of Denmark urges that the general acceptance of this policy would certainly secure these territories to Denmark.

This, however, is disputed. It is claimed that the majority of the inhabitants are German and not Danish. The true state of the case appears to be that the residents of the cities and towns—those having control of the trade and commerce—are German, while the residents of the country,

the farmers, laborers, &c., are mainly Danish.

In this event it is but fair to infer that the King will be disappointed in his expectations. Of course, now that these possessions are in the hands of the Germans, it is but just to suppose that the German population will increase and the Danish diminish. This being the case, the provinces are finally and forever divided from Denmark.

Another very interesting question involving this same principle or policy of which we have spoken is presented in the Italian question. The Italian Parliament has very emphatically declared that it accepts the Franco-Italian convention only with the express understanding that, in the opinion of the Italian people, the Romans, after the evacuation of their city by the French soldiers, should be permitted to choose what form of government they please and to overthrow the temporal power of the Pope whenever they are tired of it. The attitude of France in that event will be a matter of great concern. It is known that Napoleon favors the idea that the Pope should voluntarily resign the temporal power; but this does not involve his consent to a forcible deprivation of it. We know that he, upon a former occasion, did interfere and suppress the Garibaldian insurrection in Rome when it had become successful. The chances are that he would do the same in a similar event. At the same time we believe, from what we learn, that all his influence will be used to induce His Holiness to quietly resign a power which it has become dangerous to retain.

A united Italy is no less a favorite dream of the Italians than with Napoleon, and he will be apt to exert himself to effect it. This is impossible while the Pope retains his power. At the same time, the city of Rome is desirable as the Italian capital, and all hearts turn to it as associated with the former unflinching glories of Roman empire and dominion.

Venice, too, now an Austrian province, rightfully belongs to Italy, and will be claimed as soon as Victor Emmanuel finds himself sufficiently powerful to seize it. These are some of the anticipated changes in Europe to which we can look forward almost as to a certainty. It only requires time for them to be put in force, and almost any hour may mark the beginning of another struggle between progress and the past.

NEW BOOKS.—The Gift Book Store has placed on our table some books suitable for Christmas presents. The first is the poems of Talford, the English dramatist, who sought to elevate and improve the character of stage plays. He is widely known by his favorite tragedy of Ion, which abounds in beautiful and striking passages. The Athenian Captive, though less known, is also a successful drama; and the "Fate of the McDonnells," a tragedy founded on our own history, is a noble work, and is almost equal to the theme. This, with a few poems and sonnets, comprise the volume.

"Life in the Woods," by John C. Giese, copiously illustrated, is a boy's narrative of life in Canadian woods, embracing the clearing of the farm, the labors and sports of the northern climate. The boys will find it a pleasant and readable book.

"Rob Roy" is another book giving some account of the famous McGregor and his exploits in Scotland. The spirited story would be attractive to no matter how told, but in the hands of a skillful author it gains still additional interest. It is illustrated with a number of fine engravings.

"Jack in the Forecastle" is a narrative plainly and simply told of a sailor's life and hardships, and presents, perhaps, as fair a picture of sea life as could be given. If the incidents are not as numerous and exciting as in other fictitious narratives of the same kind, they are more probable. In it is a brief and interesting account of the attack on the American privateer General Armstrong, in the neutral port of Fayal, by a British fleet. The resistance was spirited, and the victory of the British barren of valuable results.

AMERICAN PHYSIQUE.—The English journals are fond of affirming that the physical man in America is deteriorating—that he is below the European standard. Facts and figures are against John Bull. To test the matter, a surgeon in New York has examined 5,700 recruits, of whom 4,638 were Americans, 1,091 Irish, 1,458 Germans, 1,021 English and Scotch, 235 French, and 525 belonging to twenty-six other nations. In stature the Americans rank the highest, the English next, the Irish next, the Germans next, and the French last. In regard to their physical conformation, he divided the recruits into four classes, and found the American to possess the highest rate of prime physique. The surgeon arrived at the conclusion that no race can show a larger proportion of osseous and muscular development; and he ascribes it not to race, but to the diffused blessing of meat and drink.

The premature death of Capt. Howard by excessive drinking will fall heavily on several of the best London assurance offices, they having granted assurances on his life to the amount of nearly £100,000. The whole of the policies are said to be held by third parties for some side considerations. The deceased was presumptive heir to the earldom of Wicklow.

A plea for accidental assurance has found in London, in the circumstance that, during the first week in November, thirty-five deaths occurred in that city from accidents. Among these, seven persons were killed by vehicles in the street; two children and two adults were burned; five persons were suffocated, and four were drowned.

SUMMARY OF WEDDED BLISS.—An American paper says:

"Heaven bless the wives, they fill our lives with little loss and honey. They save life's shocks, they mend our socks, but don't they spend the money? When we are sick, they heal us quick—that is, if they do love us; if not, we die, and then they cry, and raise temptations above us."

The city of Pittsburgh has forty-five foundries, consuming forty-five thousand tons of metal annually, and paying a million dollars wages.

(For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.)

LIFE.

BY ROLINA.

All day, wearing the cloth of life,
I had wearily sat at the loom,
And daily wishing my task were done,
Repeating in vain at my doom,
And as the shuttle flew to and fro,
I saw those words "sisters three,"
Eagerly watching with sister eyes,
While I wove my destiny.

II.
From the dark, gloomy web of life,
I had spun a web of woe and pain,
With which to bind a few slight threads,
That fate had severed in twain;
And I started, for I heard a voice,
Close at my side, exclaim:
"Mortal, thy work is nearly complete—
Nearly ready to leave the frame!"

III.
"But pause awhile and gaze upon
The cloth thou hast woven so sadly,
That thou mayst, from the beginning,
The warp and weft of thy life behold."

IV.
Spotless and pure were the first few threads
Of my innocent childhood's days—
Aye, pure and white as the driven snow,
That sparkled "neath the sun's rays."
White as the Guardian Angel's wing,
That overshadowed the human heart,
To guide its path through life's thorny path,
And keep it from descending apart.

V.
As the white cloth slowly disappeared,
Here and there came faintly seen,
Though they were almost imperceptible,
Dark spots on brilliant sheen.
Now comes the color of youth—
The brightest splendor of corrusc blue;
And when its beauty's brilliancy is marred
By shades of a darker hue.

VI.
As youth passes, too, from my sight,
I shudder—the next color, I know,
Will be black! See, it is! Sadly I gaze
On the emblem of mourning and woe.
Somehow my heart, when astonished, I see
May I recede from the darkened scene,
For an angel "spoke home," had passed over the loom.
Let the darkness hath all feel away.

VII.
Now bright as the blinding aurora of morn,
Come the rosy hues of Hope,
And silver and golden come the threads
That with these bright colors can cope.
My eyes are dazzled and dazzled quite
By the wonderful brilliancy now look upon:
The illusions and dreams of future bliss,
The ecstatic happiness I thought to have won.

VIII.
The golden threads are all tarried now,
And look quite as they pass from my sight,
While upon the dark threads of grief appear—
The blackness hath vanished in the brightness of light.
Swiftly the colors are passing away—
Now brilliant—now dark as a funeral pall—
Now bright as a sunbeam reflected on gold—
But "the trail of the serpent is over them all."

IX.
Next, a curious sight, pearls are intertwined—
Pearls, precious and holy, as stars in the sky;
They're a precious treasure, that clings to the feet,
A priceless treasure accepted on high.
Hopefully now I resume the shuttle,
I feel that my work is almost done;
And when it is finished and laid aside,
May I recede from the sunbeams from the Omnipotent One.
LOUISVILLE, Dec. 18.

ZINZIE GRAY.

Her eyes are blue as summer skies,
And brighter than a summer day;
She fills my soul with glad surprise
And changes my life with her look and way.
And seems an angel in disguise,
Few are so kind and good and gay
As my own darling Zinzie Gray.

To win so fair, so sweet a prize,
It scarcely were a sin to pray;
The pearl that bath the fairest eyes,
The gem that bath the star-like eyes,
Are far outshone by her bright eyes,
And seem to glow with the bloom in May.
Is not so sweet as Zinzie Gray.

Were she mine by the fondest tie,
That lightly may not seem decay,
Queen's offered love I would despise,
Though proffered with a kindly way;
For with a love that never dies,
Until life passes quite away,
I love the lovely Zinzie Gray.

BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.—A pupil of the Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answer:
"What is gratitude?"
"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."
"What is hope?"
"Hope is the blossom of happiness."
"What is the difference between hope and desire?"
"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."

"What is eternity?"
"A day without yesterday or to-morrow—a line that has no end."
"What is time?"
"Time is the two ends—a path that begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb."

"What is God?"
"The necessary being, the sun of eternity, the mechanism of nature, the eye of justice, the watchmaker of the universe, the soul of the world."
"Does God reason?"
"Man reasons because he doubts, he deliberates because he decides. God is omniscient; He never doubts. He therefore never reasons."

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.—Somebody makes the following curious calculation: What is a billion? The reply is very simple: a million times a million. This is quickly written and quickly still pronounced; but if you mean it, you must have enough to fight the whole Federalist. But den dem rebels down dere about so karless at nig-gals."

"Here is what we consider a manifest improvement on the old story of the 'Friend in Need':
A friend in need is a friend indeed,
And this I've found most true,
For when I'm in a bind, my friend,
He sticks to me like glue."
Politeness goes a great way. Henry Ward Beecher says: "An impudent clerk can do as much injury to his store as the neglect of the proprietor to advertise his goods." Two undoubted and significant facts which every one interested will please bear in mind.

A woman was found dead in her bed lately at Bordeaux, and the Doctor asserted that she died from the effects of the small of quinces, a large basket of which was found in the room.

The Paris ladies appear disposed to adopt for winter costumes very short petticoats, very high boots and plaid stockings. Many as accounted may be seen on the Boulevard.

That's so.—George Washington once wrote to friend—"No punishment, in my opinion, is so severe for the man who can build his greatness on his country's ruin."

"Mother," said a little square-built urchin, about five years old, "why don't the teacher make me a monitor sometimes? I can lick every boy in my class but one."

Worth, the Woman's Tailor at Paris.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston Gazette says:

Worth, the woman's tailor, has returned to town, and commenced his season. Do not wonder if I mention him next after dress-makers, for he is the most celebrated any other man in Paris; for if your wife's ball-dress is not made and put on by him, she is disgraced, and if he does not make her, you are ruined. It is his fault that his rates of charging are so high. Make the days 48 hours long and relieve him of the vulgar wants of sleeping and eating, he will abate 50 per cent. of his prices. Seduce his customers into paying cash, and he will make a further reduction. The Empress has owed him \$40,000. The Princess Clothilde, \$10,000. The Princess de Metternich, \$20,000. A debt of \$1,000 makes no figure on his books than the one year's subscription of a Malignant patron of your paper does in the Gazette office. I should not like to say what he pays—you would be sure to make an unusual gesture not very complimentary to my regard for truth. The state saloons of the Tuilleries are not more splendid. Gilding is lavished on them, the door curtains are Beuville tapestry, the window curtains and furniture are the finest Lyons brocade, and the furniture is Bois, each console between the windows being worth \$600. He has in one of his many rooms a buffet, constantly spread where the best sandwiches, cold meats, sherry and Madeira, and the most delicate cakes are served in profusion to his customers. He is constantly surrounded by 12 beautiful young ladies, selected for the perfection of their shape and face. They are attired in the height of the mode in silk dresses, which cost \$4 a yard, costly Etruscan ear-rings, bracelets and rings. They are part of the furniture of the place; they are here what a waiter is in a first-class hotel; the dresses are worn on them that Worth's patrons may see the effect produced. No dress ever quits his establishment priced less than \$500—in gold mine we don't take your greenbacks here! Whenever a ball is given at the Tuilleries, or at any of the embassies, you may count 200 carriages at his door from as early as 6 o'clock in the evening. Each lady receives a number and called in turn. They come with their hair dressed, their petticoats and corsets on, wrapped in a second-rate dress, until he is ready to receive them. You may wonder that ladies should consent to expose their persons to the fingers and eyes of a man. He is not a man in their eyes—he is nothing but a tailor—a tradesman—and what high-born persons reason about in inquiry to what sex such a plebeian belonged? One had as soon think of inquiring into the sex of the dog with whom his wife went into the woods for a walk, or of the cat who sleeps in the arms of a woman. Worth, a few years since, was a mere shopman in Gangerlin's shop in the Rue de Richelieu. He saw there the extent of feminine folly, and determined to profit by experience. He has now a beautiful country seat which cost him \$80,000, and on which he has spent \$60,000. He keeps a carriage and pair equal to anything in the imperial stables. He has a first-rate cook, has a cellar which is daily replenished, and is making money as fast as possible.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE EARTH BRING STOPPED IN ITS ORBIT.—In a curious article upon the "Gangue of Hurricanes and Meteors," the Scientific American thus concludes: "If the earth should be stopped in its orbit, it would begin to fall towards the sun. As it approached more nearly to that great source of heat, it would soon reach a point where the temperature is as high as 212°, and then all the waters of the ocean would be evaporated. As it drew and afterwards they would be scattered in all directions. Before it reached the sun, his solid earth would be converted into a vast volume of red hot gas, which, when it fell into the fiery atmosphere of the sun, would merely produce a small amount of light and heat, and it would be struck outward in all directions."

A writer in Paris tells what he saw on a recent promenade, as follows:

I saw dear little scarlet, and lilac, and rose-colored, and sky-blue poodles, and I wondered from what world they had been ex-patriated to be the spoiled pets of the ladies who lead the ton. But I look again, and I find that the fair ones in whose laps these favorite creatures luxuriated were of some kind in their ribbons as that which beautified (!) the dogs, and I guessed (being a Yankee) that a new art had been extended to the canine race. The dogs are dyed to match the toilette. Think of that!

THE "BLUES."—Cheerfulness and occupation are closely allied. Idle men are very rarely happy. How should they be? They are bored from their idleness, and they have been expatriated to be the spoiled pets of the ladies who lead the ton. But I look again, and I find that the fair ones in whose laps these favorite creatures luxuriated were of some kind in their ribbons as that which beautified (!) the dogs, and I guessed (being a Yankee) that a new art had been extended to the canine race. The dogs are dyed to match the toilette. Think of that!

A COOL CAPTAIN.—One of our frigates being at anchor on a winter's night on the Southern coast, and in a tremendous gale, the ground broke, and so the ship began to drive. The lieutenant of the watch ran down to the cabin, awoke the captain from his sleep, and told him that the anchor had come home. "Well," said the captain, rubbing his eyes, "I think the anchor's perfectly right—who would stop out such a night as this?"

"Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be born poor, or not have capital enough to establish themselves in business. This is a mistaken notion. So far from poverty being a misfortune to them, if we may judge from what we every day behold, it is really a blessing; the chance is more than ten to one against him who starts with a fortune."

A person lately inquired how often fresh meat could be supplied to a family residing for the summer season in a village or two, some miles from Brechin. "Well, well, Sir," replied a woman apparently well acquainted with the capabilities of the district, "ye maun gie yer orders fer hand, as our butcher only kills half a beast at a time."

A young man and a young woman went after chestnuts, near Whaling, one day last week. The young man fell from the top of a tree 60 feet in height to the ground. The young woman picked him up and carried him a mile, when he recovered his senses. Nobody hurt.

A child speaking of his home to a friend, was asked—"Where is your home?" Looking with loving eyes at his mother, he replied—"Where mother is." Was ever a question more truthfully, beautifully, or touchingly answered?

The London Times says the present winter will be gloomy and in the cotton manufacturing districts. There are now great numbers out of work, and there does not seem a prospect of improvement during the coming months.

A Newburyport clergyman having received at a recent marriage a fee of \$50, the Herald thinks it was "cheap enough for the bridegroom," as he carried away one of the best girls in town.

Sensibility is like the stars, that can lead one only when the sky is clear. Reason is the magnetic needle that guides the ships when they are wrapped in darkness.

In 1820, forty-four years ago, Judge Taney was so feeble, a gentleman who had a law suit refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried.

The New York testimonial to Capt. Winslow will amount to \$25,000.

Richmond reading rooms charge \$5 entrance.

(For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.)

FALLEN.

BY MINNA.

I gazed upon that form of matchless grace
As long the redded pave took her way;
I marked the noble brow, the sparkling face,
Lit up—as lights the moon departing day—
By eyes that seemed a window into the soul,
Of upturned years, their love and happiness;
When Sabbath morns brought, low, the village bell,
And sweet young voices rose their God to bless.

I looked on the full lips, the rounded cheek,
And thought me of the time when Mars reigned
Queen of all hearts—so beautiful, yet meek—
The village belle, exalted when her smiles were given,
The rustic cot, hid by the locust bloom,
And clinging vines trained by her gentle hand,
The shaded walk replete with perfume
Of roses reared as if by magic wand.

How sweet the clover in the field hard-by,
From the red, rutted road by rails kept in;
The cattle munching the white topsoil,
As fair as he that stole sweet Prospero;
Was ever Switzer's lake more sparkling, pure,
Or sang a summer-song like yonder brook?
Did ever Italia post-artist love
To brighter skies than this that quiet nook?

And Mars, in the home-door-way at eve—
The red, low moon fast climbing up yon hill—
The rustic church-eyre Sol to leave,
How fresh within my heart are lingering still!
I gazed upon that form of lovely mold,
The wind played gently with her waving hair,
And seemed to whisper: "Fallen! fallen! withhold
Thy tender pity and thy loving care."

I thought me of the Prince in ancient lore,
Who, fain to wed a Princess proud, 'twas fair—
Whom to her suitors said, that he who bore
The richest present should win his daughter's share—
Procured a casket of most costly gold,
Adorned with precious gems of foreign birth;
Within it placed a stone, bright to behold,
Yet, as the pebble in the story-stone, of worth.

Ah! what is beauty—the rich casket's price—
Without the heart—the gem within—is pure!
A serpent stolen into Paradise,
Is woman's heart, when taught by smiles to lure.
Oh! Mars, fallen, yet not lost, attend
Thy heart, of yore to help impulse given!
Dost know the struggling, weary Perseus
With a repentant tear the gate of Heaven?

(For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.)

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF OUR BROTHER AND FELLOW-STUDENT, DOSS LEE.

The Grand Master of the Universe
In wisdom has removed
From labor in the Lodge below
A brother whom we loved,
And called him to refreshment
In the great Grand Lodge above;
While we this humble tribute pay,
Expressive of our love.

He rests, we trust, with friends above,
Released from earthly care;
There is no sorrow in their song—
No winter in their year.
Our hearts are sad, an light is gone,
This world is drear and dark;
For in his loss we learn this truth—
"Death leaves a shining mark."

Heaven often blazes our brightest hopes,
And takes our friends from earth;
'Tis but to show we did not here
Appreciate their worth.

KENTUCKY SCHOLAR, OR MANUSCRIPT.

LOUISVILLE, KY. DE WITT.

CROSS WORDS.—"Oh," said a little girl, bursting into tears upon hearing the death of a playmate, "I did not know that was the last time I should see you. I spoke cross to her, and the thought of that last cross word now lay heavy on my little heart."

This suggests a good rule about kind words. Speak kindly to your father, or your mother, or your brother, or your sister, or your playmate, or your teacher, or the poor, when you are speaking, lest it may be your last time to speak to them. Cross words are very, very sorrowful to think of.

Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You notice how it grows and drops at a time until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle was opaque, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If every thought be pure and right, the soul will be like a crystal, and its light and happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

A COOL CAPTAIN.—One of our frigates being at anchor on a winter's night on the Southern coast, and in a tremendous gale, the ground broke, and so the ship began to drive. The lieutenant of the watch ran down to the cabin, awoke the captain from his sleep, and told him that the anchor had come home. "Well," said the captain, rubbing his eyes, "I think the anchor's perfectly right—who would stop out such a night as this?"

"Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be born poor, or not have capital enough to establish themselves in business. This is a mistaken notion. So far from poverty being a misfortune to them, if we may judge from what we every day behold, it is really a blessing; the chance is more than ten to one against him who starts with a fortune."

A person lately inquired how often fresh meat could be supplied to a family residing for the summer season in a village or two, some miles from Brechin. "Well, well, Sir," replied a woman apparently well acquainted with the capabilities of the district, "ye maun gie yer orders fer hand, as our butcher only kills half a beast at a time."

